

Pomegranate

I brush my teeth and think of the pip
pluck my chin

pip

scramble some eggs

milk and butter

so hungry

must be pip

doesn't know me yet

but one day it might

hate me as much as I hate myself

shake its head when I dance

in the kitchen

drive a wedge

between me

and my friends

I'll struggle to hold a conversation

won't sleep

for fear

of lilies

me him

pip

money

space

the dog

might gobble it up

no more sunday lie ins

pastries with the papers

brunch

I put on an old pair of dungarees

pip rips them from crack to crotch

wriggle in the permission of it

might just be the making of me

imagine pip

confiding in me

I go outside eat my greens

fizzy orange tablet

fitbit

take great pleasure in the strain

collect names

from american dramas

peanut butter straight from the jar

practice cradling

abdomen

cluck

thinking what colour to paint the lounge

an unmistakable twinge

cracks my insides open

on the lino

like an egg

I watch television with my husband

hands in my lap